

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 7, 1920

Lady Jane.

BY WINIFRED BALLARD BLAKE.

"**M**IAU, miau,"—Roxana heard what she thought was a little pussy-cat somewhere outside.

She ran and opened the door, shivering as the chilly wind blew about her.

As she stood there listening, she heard faint music floating over from the house across the street.

"Why, that's Fannie Moore playing on her new Baby Grand," she thought.

"Miau, miau, miau," the small voice came again.

"Puss, puss, puss," she called. "Come, pussy."

A soft rustle from the bare bushes near the porch and the *dearest* little pussy-cat pattered up the steps. Running over the piazza, she stopped suddenly and held up one silvery-gray paw like a question-mark, while she looked with her clear green eyes into Roxana's face, as if to say, "May I really come in?"

Roxana stooped down, took her in her arms, and carried her into the warm living-room where mother was knitting by what she called her "between-seasons" fire.

"Mother dear," said she, "here's my answer at last!" and she put kitty down while she ran to the kitchen to ask Mary Ann for a saucer of milk.

"She's no stray cat," said mother; "she must have lost her way home."

"Isn't she perfectly beautiful!" cried Roxana. "I'm glad she is lost, for now I can have her!"

For a long time Roxana had wanted a pussy-playmate, "but I want only a very nice, well-bred cat," she used to say, "one who has good manners and knows how to behave!" and as she hadn't known where to find one, she had had to go without.

After a time, as Kitty came to feel at home, she frisked about, full of charming little tricks, with a gentle voice, a grateful purr, and soft paws that never scratched.

"*Such a lady!*" sighed Roxana. "I'm afraid somebody must miss her dreadfully, but no one could love her more than I do!"

Several weeks later, Roxana sat by the fire one evening, putting down her multiplication-table on her slate. Lady Jane sat on the arm of the chair, watching her, and every now and then touching the tip of the moving slate-pencil with a curious paw. Mother enjoyed the pretty picture awhile, and then began to read the evening paper. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked at Roxie with a startled and anxious expression. At first she couldn't make up her mind to speak, but finally she said:

"Little daughter, I'm afraid I must tell you something that will be hard for you to bear. I hope I can trust you to be brave and honest no matter what it costs."

Roxana was murmuring, "Six times six

are thirty-six, six times seven are forty-two," and seemed not to hear, but when mother spoke again she replied, "Yes, mother dear, but I don't see what you can mean,—do you, pussy-cat?" giving her an affectionate hug.

"Well, Roxana, I'm afraid you'll have to give up kitty."

Roxana rose right up and flushed rosy-red.

"Why, Mother Ray," she cried, "I can't do any such thing! Why should I give her up?"

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Ray, reluctantly, "there's an advertisement in this paper, asking if any one has found a lost cat, and I know from the description it must be Lady Jane."

"I don't b'lieve it," cried Roxie. "Read it to me, Mother."

Mother read it very slowly, and each word made it plainer and plainer that

Lady Jane, how would you feel? Ought you to keep her? If you do keep her, will you be really happy about it? Come and kiss me good-night, and tell me to-morrow morning how you have answered those questions."

Roxie hung her head. She lifted pussy close in her arms and started for the door. "I found her and she's mine now," she said rebelliously, and she went slowly out of the room and up the stairs.

That was an anxious night for Mrs. Ray.

Next morning Roxana came down to breakfast, slipped around to her mother's chair, and gave her the kiss she had refused the night before.

"Where does the lady live?" said she.

"That's my little Roxana," exclaimed Mrs. Ray, smiling, with tears in her eyes.

After breakfast, Lady Jane was put in



By Daisy B. Chapell.

"Such a lady!"

some one had lost a rare and precious pet, and that it must indeed be Roxana's founding.

The great tears rolled down Roxie's face. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Well, I needn't give her up, anyway, for they don't know I've got her!"

Mother looked straight into her little girl's eyes. "That's what I meant, Roxie, when I said I hoped I could trust you. Would it be brave and honest to keep her?"

"I don't *care*," said Roxie, breaking down and crying in earnest. "I've always wanted just this very Lady Jane, and I know I love her the most. I can't give her up, I can't, I can't!"

Mother could hardly help crying herself from sympathy, but she only said:

"It's bedtime now, Roxie dear, and I want you to go upstairs and think it over by yourself. Suppose you had lost

a basket, the cover tied down, and Roxie set forth. The strange lady did not live very far away.

As she went out on the sidewalk, Roxana again heard music floating across the street. "Fannie's got a pussy-cat, too," she murmured, but she trudged on, for she had fought it all out, and knew what she ought to do.

She was shown into a beautiful room, and soon a lady appeared and looked inquiringly at Roxana and the basket.

"What is it, my dear?" said she. "What do you want?"

Roxana held out the basket. "Here's your cat, Mrs. Sigourney."

Mrs. Sigourney sat down quickly and opened the basket. "It really is! It really is my precious Princess Pat!" she cried. "Where did you find her?"

"She was *my* Lady Jane," said Roxie, her lip quivering. Then she told all

about it, and how she had come to love her as her own.

Mrs. Sigourney was cuddling the lost pet in her lap, and stroking her beautiful fur.

"If you love her so much," said she, "what made you bring her back? Oh, I forgot," she added. "I suppose it's the 'liberal reward,'—is that it?" and she looked rather sharply at poor little Roxie.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Sigourney?" faltered Roxie. "I don't know what you mean."

"I thought your mother read the advertisement to you, my dear."

"So she did, but she didn't read anything about any reward."

"Oh-ho, I see," said Mrs. Sigourney, adding thoughtfully to herself: "Wise mother. So much the better."

Then she said aloud, "Now, my dear, I must keep my side of this bargain, and you must tell me just what you would like the very most of anything in the world."

Roxana could hardly believe her ears, and she couldn't say a word.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," encouraged the lady. "Tell me your very biggest wish."

Roxana looked down and muttered something under her breath. It seemed too awful to say it right out.

"What did you say?" said the lady. "Speak up, so I can hear."

"Well, then," said Roxie, "I said, 'Music lessons from Fannie Moore's teacher!'"

Mrs. Sigourney clapped her hands. "Good!" she said. "So you're fond of music?"

Roxana's eyes danced. "O, Mrs. Sigourney," she answered, "I b'lieve music was just *borned* in me, but I never thought I'd have a chance to try!"

"And who is Fannie Moore's teacher?" said Mrs. Sigourney, very much amused.

Roxana named the most famous man in a near-by city. "He pretty near scares Fannie to death," she declared, "there never was such a big teacher as he is; but I don't b'lieve he'd scare me, 'cause I love music so very, very much."

"You shall begin to-morrow!" said Mrs. Sigourney, impulsively. "If music was 'borned' in you, my dear, it shall have a chance to come out!"

Roxana didn't know what to say, but soon a fearsome thought struck her. "I haven't any piano to practise on," faltered she, "and Daddy can't afford to buy one."

Mrs. Sigourney thought a moment. "I can find a place where you can go to practise every day, I think," she said.

So it was arranged, and mother didn't object, and Roxana began to study music to her heart's delight.

But, oh, she did miss Lady Jane!

At the end of a year, M. Edouard gave a public musicale for his pupils.

"Mademoiselle is—what you call a *wondare*, for her age," he confided to Mrs. Sigourney. "She's much my youngest pupil."

When she stepped out in her white frock with a rose in her belt, and her golden hair down her back, and went to the piano, every one was very still with surprise until she stopped,—when there was a great storm and she had to play again, and yet again.

Mrs. Sigourney felt that her 'liberal

reward,' although so very liberal indeed, had not been given in vain.

A week later, when Roxana came home from school, mother said:

"Mrs. Sigourney was here this morning, dear, and she says that she wants to have you keep on with your music. Now go into the kitchen and see what present she brought you, besides."

Roxie ran into the kitchen and looked around. At first she saw nothing that looked like a present, but in a minute she spied an uncovered basket on the floor beside the range.

"What's that?" she whispered, and as she stood looking and wondering, she heard a faint little "miau" which made her jump. She ran to the warm corner, looked inside, and there, curled up on a soft cushion—was it really Lady Jane?—oh, no, Lady Jane was never so small as that!—"but it looks *prezactly* like her," thought Roxie, puzzled. Then she saw a card on which was written:

A PRESENT FOR
ROXANA RAY
FROM
LADY JANE

"I wonder why mother never read that to me about the 'liberal reward,'" murmured Roxana, in an ecstasy, as she pressed little Lady Jane Junior to her cheek!

The March Wind.

BY MYRA A. BUCK.

THE March wind was blowing

So brisk and so free,

Tom's hat went a-flying

Up, up in the tree.

The March wind was laughing,

Oh, what did he care?

Again did he toss it

Far up in the air.

The March wind blew roughly,

He blew things awry,

And sand he kept throwing

In little Nell's eye;

May's dress he kept twisting

All out of its place,

* Her curls he made tangle

All over her face.

The March wind went roaring

Thro' city and town;

Wherever he lingered

He met with a frown.

At last he was weary

And took to his bed,

And all were so thankful,

So I have heard said.

Fun.

"They are always bragging of their ancestors." "Yes; from the way they talk you would almost imagine they had selected them themselves."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Dorothy had been intently watching her brother, an amateur artist, blocking out a landscape in his sketch book. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I know what drawing is." "Well, Dot, what is it?" asked her brother. "Drawing is thinking, and then marking round the think."

Why Laddie Ran.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

M. R. CURTIS picked up his hat, slipped a hammer and some nails into his pocket, and stepped to the door.

"Where are you going, Uncle?" asked Laddie.

"I am going up to the hill pasture," said his uncle. "If there is any one here who would like to go with me"—

Laddie jumped down from the window-seat, clapped his little cap on his curly head, and slipped his chubby fingers into his uncle's hand. And so without a word the matter was settled.

They stopped at the barn for an odd-looking bag which Mr. Curtis swung over one shoulder.

"What is in the bag?" asked Laddie.

"It is salt for the young cattle," said his uncle. "I always take some when I go to the hill pasture. The cattle like it as much as you do sugar. They know that I have it for them. When they come for the salt I look them over to see if they are all right. I count them too. If any are missing I know that there is a break in the fence somewhere and I must find it."

"And now I know why you are carrying the hammer and nails," said Laddie, with a satisfied air.

It was quite a long walk up to the hill pasture, but Laddie did not lag behind. It was his first visit to the hill pasture, and he was eager to get there and see the "young cattle" that had been taking care of themselves, so his uncle said, for more than a month. They found food for themselves, drank water from the brook, and slept wherever night found them. It sounded strange to Laddie, who was acquainted only with the quiet home-loving cows he saw about the farm.

Just before they reached the pasture bars, Mr. Curtis stopped and listened. Laddie could hear the crackling of dry branches.

"There must be a break in the fence," said Mr. Curtis. "I think one of the cattle is out. I must go and see. Stay here and wait for me, Laddie. I'll leave the bag of salt here with you. I'll soon be back."

Laddie sat still for a few minutes after his uncle left him. It was very quiet so far from the main road, and there was nothing to play with. Then he remembered the bag of salt. He opened it and peeped in. To his surprise he saw several large lumps that looked like big brown stones.

"What funny salt," said Laddie. "It does not look as good as sugar to me."

He soon grew tired of sitting still, so he climbed the bars to see if he could catch a glimpse of his uncle. But the trees about the fence hid everything. In the middle of the pasture, however, Laddie spied a grassy knoll which was higher than the rest. Grasping the bag of salt firmly, he slid through the bars and soon reached the little hillock in the middle of the pasture. When he turned, he saw his uncle at work in a clearing some distance down the hillside.

Laddie shouted and waved his cap. He shouted again and swung the bag of salt.

Then an astonishing thing happened. From the upper end of the pasture came a thundering of hoofs, and from the trees on every side burst forth cattle with gleaming horns.

For a second Laddie stood speechless. Then he turned and fled. Though he still carried the heavy bag of salt, he ran as he had never run before; his little legs fairly twinkled as he made for the pasture bars that seemed so far away. How he reached them he never could tell, but just before the foremost of the cattle overtook him, he rolled panting under the fence.

"Oh, Uncle, they chased me!" he sobbed, when a few minutes later he buried his hot face on his uncle's shoulder.

Mr. Curtis smiled as he looked into the eager, innocent eyes of the disappointed cattle that lined the fence near by.

"They did not mean to frighten you, Laddie," he said. "They were after the salt. Why didn't you drop the bag?"

"Oh," said Laddie, meekly. "I didn't think of it."

"And besides," added his uncle, gravely, "if you had waited on this side of the fence, it never would have happened."

Laddie hid his ashamed face in his uncle's neck and said nothing.

Mr. Curtis smoothed the tumbled curls with a loving hand, and so Laddie knew that he was forgiven.

"Come, now let us give the cattle some salt," said Mr. Curtis, presently. "Give them some from your own hand, Laddie. Though your meeting was rather sudden, I want you and my young cattle to part good friends."

And they did.

Beatrice Reece, Home Missionary.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

"THE idea of bringing a rabbit into the kitchen!" exclaimed Beatrice Reece, her eyes blazing. "There is no sense in your keeping them, anyway. I just wish"—

"You're always wishing, Bee," interrupted her brother Jim. "It's a wonder you are not wishing you was a missionary, after listening to that sermon yesterday you was telling me about. I'll tell you what I wish—I wish you'd let me keep all my rabbits behind the stove, where it is nice and warm."

"There is the door, and here is the rabbit; now make yourself scarce. Yes, I do wish I was a missionary, just about twenty-five thousand miles away from all your rabbits and chickens and turkeys and geese and guinea pigs. That's what I wish, Jim Reece."

"Twenty-five thousand miles! Huh. I guess you'd find cannibals pretty scarce if you got that far from here. If you'd study your geography a bit, you'd find that you couldn't travel twenty-five thousand miles from here, unless you sailed right square off in an airship."

"Isn't it twenty-five thousand miles around the world, Jim Reece?" demanded Beatrice, growing very red.

"Sure it is. Oh, I see what you mean. You'd like to travel twenty-five thousand miles, and so come back and land on Daddy's woodpile. Go ahead, then, and when you get back here, I'll have the whole house turned into a rabbit-warren."

"Scat!" cried Beatrice, springing toward her brother with uplified broom.

"Say, Bee, this isn't a cat," laughed Jim, cuddling the rabbit up in his arms, and slowly retreating through the door.

Jim had touched his sister in a tender spot when he joked with her about becoming a missionary, for ever since listening to Rev. Dr. McDonald's sermon the previous day she had thought of little else. At last she knew what she wanted to be—a missionary in a foreign land. In truth she had made up her mind to see Rev. Dr. McDonald and acquaint him with the fact that she had decided upon that career. Of course it would be some years before that ambition could possibly become a reality, but she wanted to begin at once to prepare for the great work.

The following afternoon Beatrice went to the village, and going to the parsonage, she timidly lifted the big brass knocker and dropped it.

The pastor of the country church answered the summons in person, and a moment later Beatrice found herself seated in the minister's study.

"So you liked my sermon, Miss Beatrice," remarked the clergyman, after they had conversed for some moments relative to the previous Sunday's discourse.

"It was wonderful, Dr. McDonald!" exclaimed Beatrice. "While going home I made up my mind to devote my life to missionary work. That is why I have come to see you. I want you to outline the first steps of preparation. If mother was alive, I know she would just love to have me take up the work."

"Mm—has your brother any hobby?" questioned the doctor, seemingly somewhat irrelevantly.

"Why—why yes," stammered Beatrice, wondering what her brother's hobby had to do with the missionary spirit. "He's all carried away with rabbits, chickens, turkeys, and geese."

"They don't appeal to you a bit, Miss Beatrice?" queried the doctor, very innocently.

"No, indeed, Dr. McDonald," she replied quite frankly. "I have not the slightest interest in any of his foolishness along that line."

"Well, I think you ought to have!" said the doctor, quietly, regarding her closely through his glasses. After a pause in which Beatrice was sure he could hear her heart thump, he continued: "I repeat—you ought to have an interest in that which appeals to your brother. If you did, you know, your brother would remain at home nights, instead of loafing around the street-corners with fellows who are not doing him any good. The missionary spirit, Miss Beatrice, like charity, begins at home."

Poor Beatrice was so surprised and hurt, that for a moment she could make no reply. Her face a bright crimson, she just sat there before her minister and fairly gasped.

"Why, Dr. McDonald, Jim simply won't stay at home of an evening!" she exclaimed, at length finding her tongue. "He just gobbles his supper and is off. I don't know what has got into him the last year or so. Father talks to him, but it doesn't seem to do any good."

"Miss Beatrice, suppose you go home and take a real live interest in Jim's hobby," suggested the doctor, with a smile

that restored her confidence. "I flatter myself that I am quite a student of human nature, and boys in particular. If you will do that, I think you will find Jim a different boy very shortly. As I said before, let the missionary spirit start at home. Let the gospel of Jesus Christ be brought home to Jim, in the way you treat him. Then come to me again, and we will plan the next step."

Beatrice presently found herself wending her way homeward. She was rather inclined to feel chagrined when she recalled how innocently she had walked into the trap which the good Dr. McDonald had set for her. As she walked into the yard she saw her brother chasing a rabbit which had escaped from the pen.

"Chase it up here toward me, Jim, and I'll help you catch it," called Beatrice, hastening over beside the pen.

"Huh!"

"I mean it, Jim," laughed his sister. "I—I want to help you."

"Say, Bee, do you mean it?" cried Jim, his eyes bulged out.

"Honest and true, Jim! I—I've seen things differently since yesterday. Come, drive the rabbit over to me."

Three minutes later Beatrice had the runaway rabbit by the ears and her brother coming up, complimented her on her quickness.

"I just wish you didn't hate my rabbits so!" cried Jim. "We could have lots of fun together taking care of them, and make money, too."

Poor Beatrice could not fail to note the wistfulness in the boy's voice, and for the first time a wave of self-condemnation swept her soul.

"Jim, I—I'm going to learn to like them," she declared, "and the chickens, and turkeys, and geese, and guinea pigs, too. I just wish we could be sort of partners, Jim. I should like to feed them when you are busy helping father about the farm."

Jim made no reply just then. He just stood there and stared at his sister in sheer amazement.

That evening, for the first time in many months, Jim remained at home. He got out pencil and paper and planned out the building of a new rabbit-hutch. From time to time he called to his sister and asked what she thought of his ideas.

The ensuing day one of Jim's big hen-turkeys walked proudly into the yard, leading a dozen turkey chicks, and Jim, making a dash for the house, called to his sister.

"Say, Bee, those are your young turkeys!" he cried. "I have been wondering where that old hen-turkey had stolen her nest. I'm going to give them to you, just because you're taking an interest in what I like. You can raise them and do what you want to with the money, so long as you don't turn missionary and go off twenty-five thousand miles."

The week passed rapidly, and before she knew it, Beatrice found herself taking a genuine interest in her brother's hobby. She noted with keen joy that the village seemed to hold no attraction for Jim, for every night he remained at home, studying books pertaining to that which so interested him. Sunday morning she was decidedly surprised to see Jim come from his room dressed in his best suit.

"Guess I'll go to church along with you,"



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

118 GOULEURN AVENUE,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. My father is the minister. He gives a five-minute talk to the children every Sunday during the church service.

In my Sunday-school class we are studying the mountains of the Bible and the incidents in connection with them. My sister's class studies "God's Wonder World." The Ottawa winters are quite severe. We have deep snow and low temperature.

The boys and girls enjoy skiing, tobogganing, and skating all the time. There are rinks on canals, playgrounds, and all schoolyards.

I enjoy *The Beacon* and would like to become a member of the Club.

I am ten years old.

Your little reader,

ERIC ADLARD.

he declared, a grin on his face. "You have taken an interest in my things and I'm going to do my best to please you about going to church. I've shaken that bunch I was hanging around with, and I've made up my mind to join that class of young men down to the church. They have been after me for the last year, but I've always had some excuse on tap."

"And how are you, Miss Beatrice?" questioned Dr. McDonald after the service that Sunday. "And how is the missionary spirit getting along? I noted the fact that your brother was at service, and also that he has gone into the young men's class. How are you and Jim's hobby getting on?"

"Oh, everything is just lovely at home!" cried Beatrice, her eyes dancing. "I have found a splendid opportunity for work right at home, Dr. McDonald, since you showed me the way. There I am going to begin my training. Later,—well, Dr. McDonald, the future will look out for itself."

"That is the way things work out, Miss Beatrice," declared the doctor. "When we do the duty which lies nearest to us, then the next presents itself in due time."

A Letter from Amsterdam.

SOME of our readers will remember that in 1916 we published an appeal for funds to help the destitute children of Belgium. The response to this appeal was generous and a considerable sum of money was raised. Part of this was sent to Mme. Wertheim-Bicker, in Amsterdam, to assist in caring for the large number of children under her charge in a home which she had established there, and part was sent to Paris. In our paper for May 7, 1916, we published a letter from Mme. Wertheim-Bicker in which she told of a little boy, August Loobnyck, who had been in a hospital for ten months but was then in her home, "walking and jumping like all boys." She also sent us a photograph of the boy which we reproduced. We think our readers will be in-

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its button. I have a little brother by the name of Henrik, and he is eight years old, and a sister by the name of Doris, who is fourteen years old. We go to the Sunday school every Sunday. The Sunday-school papers have many good stories, and I like to solve the puzzles. Our minister's name is Rev. A. Norman and my Sunday-school teacher is Miss Larson.

Your little friend,

HELEN HAUGEN.

PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Community Church in Pepperell. Rev. R. W. Drawbridge is our minister. Mr. McGraw is our superintendent and Mrs. Woodward is my Sunday-school teacher. We are studying your book "The Story of Jesus." We are getting along very nice and find it very interesting.

I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH L. HUTCHINSON.

terested in a letter from the father of this boy which has just come to us:

PIETER VLAMINGSTR, 80
AMSTERDAM, 1 January, '20.

Dear Sir,—Please will you be so kindly to send me a copy or a number from "Press Beacon" on date from 1916, 7th of May. It will be a strange thing to me of asking you such an ancient number. These are the reasons.

I was soldier in Belgian Army. After war, coming again in Antwerp, I hear that my wife and children in Amsterdam and my son Auguste in hospital here. All expenses were paid by Mme. Wertheim who died a few months ago; before the death of these honorable misses she show me a picture of my son staying in Beacon Press.

We shall be so happy to receive this journal; and we shall send us thanks and *mercis* not only to strange people but to my best friends and war companions in America.

I am Belgian and established here in Amsterdam after war, remaining here because my wife is a Dutch woman and my children are use to this country since 4 years.

I shall be very obliged if you will be so kind to send us this number from Press Beacon.

Most obedient,

AUGUST LOOBNYCK.

Is it not good to hear from one Belgian father who has been safely returned to his family?

Sunday-school News.

AN interesting "New Members" contest has been recently brought to a close in the Unitarian Sunday school in Chelmsford, Mass. The school was divided into two teams, the "Reds" and the "Whites"; and the column of mercury on the school blackboard, which portrayed the gains and losses, was closely watched. The average attendance increased from 23.4 per cent. to 74.8 per cent. from November to January, the largest attendance being eighty-eight. The kindergarten was the biggest factor in causing the "Whites'" victory, for they raised their membership from eight to twenty-six members.

The "Whites" were recently given a dinner by the "Reds," which well showed the friendly spirit which pervades the reconstructed Sunday school.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 3, 13, 8, is a part of the body.
My 8, 12, 10, 4, 6, 12, is a command.
My 1, 3, 4, 7, are something we ride in.
My 11, 9, 13, are relations.
My 14, 13, 3, 9, 5, is a slow-moving animal.
My *whole* is the name of a great writer.
EMILY B. LEARNED.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 6, 4, 5, is an old witch.
My 11, 9, 8, 13, 2, 7, is a country in Europe.
My 1, 10, 3, is knowledge or understanding.
My *whole* is a character in the Bible.
A CLASS OF GIRLS.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.

1. The Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776.
2. That boy is a mollicoddle.
3. Miss Abarbanell enjoys writing songs.
4. Neither she nor any one else should go.
5. I am going to Rutherford, N.J.
6. Our telephone number is Murray Hill 62.
7. An infirmary is needed in the city.

EDWARD A. DRISCOLL.

ANIMAL VERSE.

Fill in the open spaces with the names of animals. What words are then seen?

I cut up c---rs all day long;
I c---er over walls,
I p---tle all the livelong day,
Until my mother calls.

I'm ---eon-toed and ---ardly.
I feel quite ----ish, too,
To tell how ----ful I can be.
I don't know what to do.

We take in ----ders at our house,
And none of them ----st me;
But when they ----ch me playing jokes,
I'm sure they must detest me.

Youth's Companion.

WORD SQUARE.

1. To corrode.
2. One of the United States.
3. Not to spend.
4. At that time.

EDITH B. WITHERELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XLII.—George Washington.
ENIGMA XLIII.—United States.
ENIGMA XLIV.—Under Two Flags.

SOME WELL-KNOWN PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—
1. Foxglove. 2. Ragged robin. 3. Sweet peas.
4. Johnny-jump-up. 5. Buttercups. 6. Smilax.
7. Dock. 8. Spearmint.

TWISTED BAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.—
1. Narragansett. 2. Buzzards. 3. Mobile. 4. Penobscot. 5. Chesapeake.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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